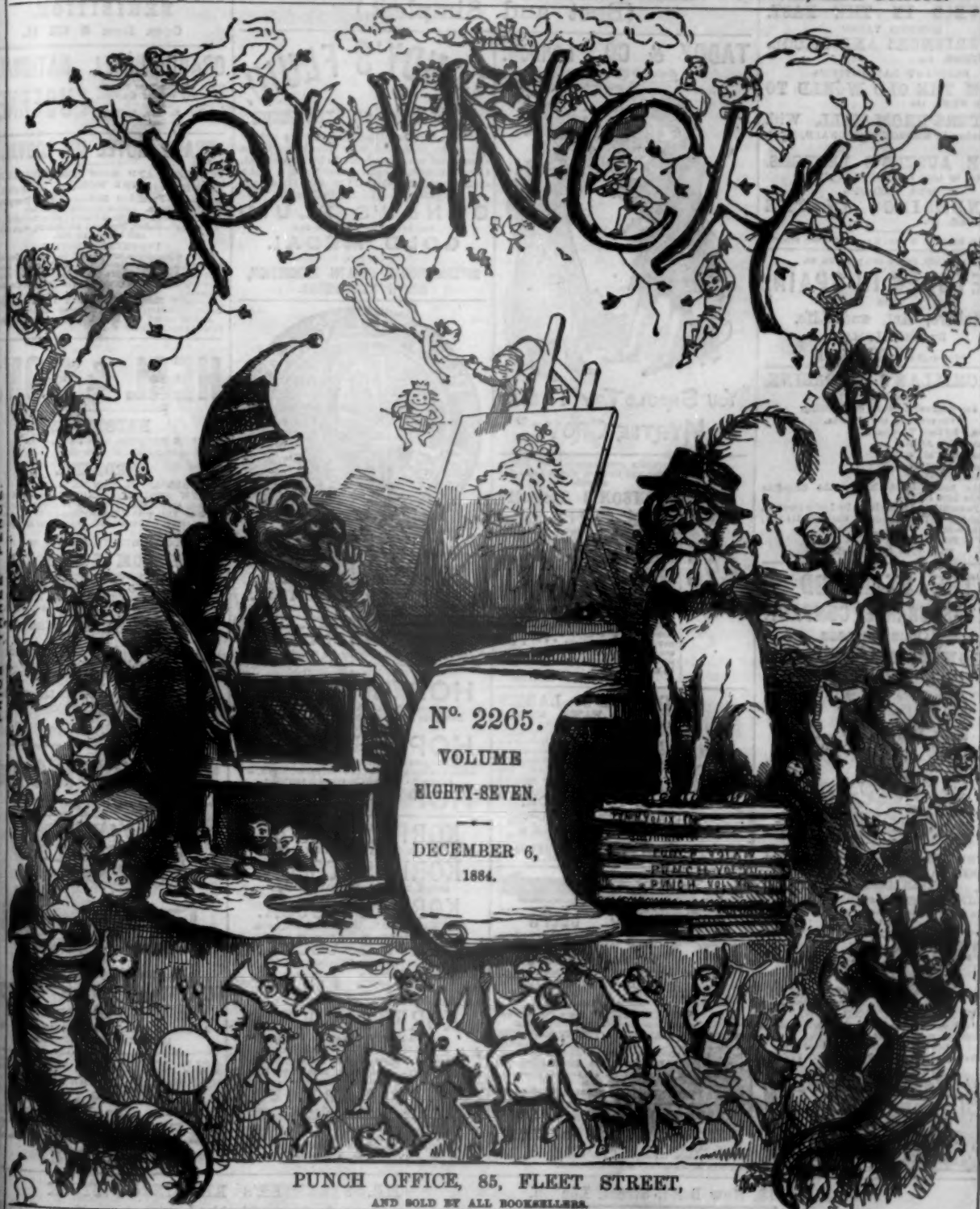


# THE 'PUNCH' ALMANAC FOR 1885

will be published on Tuesday next, Dec. 9, Price 3d., with Illustrations by JOHN TENNIEL, G. DU MAURIER, CHARLES KEENE, LINLEY SAMBOURNE, HARRY FURNISS, and others.



PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

PUNCH OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET,

AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

With 22 Coloured Illustrations, and a variety of Sketches by G. BOWERS. Price 12s. 6d.

## FAIR DIANA

By the Author of "ACROSS COUNTRY."

"Altogether an excellent book. The illustrations are in every way worthy of the story. The book will come as a boon and a blessing to snow and rain-bound hunters in the 'shires' who, having read 'Jorrocks' till they know it by heart, lay that down with a regretful sigh for more. They need only turn to 'Fair Diana' to find their wishes gratified."—*Vanity Fair*.

"'Fair Diana' is a capital hunting novel, full of rattling descriptions of runs, and with clever coloured lithographs by G. Bowers interspersed among the letterpress."—*Yorkshire Post*.

"Miss Bowers' sketches are the gems of the publication."—*Yorkshire Post*.

BRADBURY, AGNEW, & CO., & S. B. BOUVIER, STREET, FLEET STREET, E.C.

Printed at the General Post Office as a Newspaper.

**POPULAR NEW WORKS.**  
NOW READY AT ALL BOOKSELLERS  
AND LIBRARIES.

In One Vol., with over 100 Full-page Illustrations,  
5s. 6d.

**THE CROWN PRINCE OF AUSTRIA'S  
TRAVELS IN THE EAST.**

EDMUND YATES.  
**EXPERIENCES AND RECOL-  
LECTIONS.** 2s.

SERJEANT BALLANTINE'S  
**FROM THE OLD WORLD TO  
THE NEW.** 14s.

**LETTERS FROM HELL.** With  
a Preface by GEORGE MACDONALD, L.L.D.  
6s.

**JANE AUSTEN'S LETTERS.**  
Edited by Lord BRABOURNE. 8s.

MRS. SPREEDY'S  
**WANDERINGS IN THE  
SUDAN.** 2s.

RICHARD BENTLEY & Son, New Burlington Street.

Now ready, crown 8vo, price 10s. 6d.

**SKETCHES IN SPAIN,**

FROM  
**Nature, Art, and Life.**  
By JOHN LOMAS.

Edinburgh: A. & C. BLACK.

**MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.**

No. 202.  
For DECEMBER. Price One Shilling.  
CONTENTS OF THE NUMBER.

Freedom. By Lord TENNYSON.  
Style and Miss ANSTON.  
Freaks and Lies at Oxford.  
Notes on Popular English.  
The Oyster Papers.  
Over the Rocky Mountains by the Canadian  
Pacific Line in 1884.  
Henry Fawcett: In Memoriam. By Leslie STEPHEN.  
Boroughdale of Boroughdale. Chapters III., IV.  
(Conclusion).  
Review of the Month.  
MACMILLAN & Co., London.

**THE STANDARD  
LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.**

ESTABLISHED 1825.

**BONUS YEAR—1885.**

Accumulated Fund,  
61 Millions Sterling.

Bonus already divided,  
31 Millions Sterling.



EDINBURGH, 3, George St. (Head Office).  
LONDON, 55, King William Street, E.C.  
" 3, Pall Mall East, S.W.  
DUBLIN, 66, Upper Sackville Street.  
BRANCH OFFICES AND AGENTS IN INDIA AND THE  
CHINESE SEA.

**ADAMS'S  
FURNITURE  
POLISH.**

THE OLDEST AND BEST.  
"The Queen" (the Lady's Newspaper) "feels no  
hesitation in recommending it."  
Sold by Grocers, Ironmongers, Oilmen, &c.  
Manufactured—VICTORIA PARK, SHEFFIELD.

**"The" PHOTOGRAPHERS**  
222 LIVERPOOL MANCHESTER RUTLAND A 02  
GLASGOW BIRMINGHAM NEWCASTLE CHAPMAN  
REGENCY LEEDS BRADFORD BOTTLE LONDON  
STREET EDWARDS HANLEY WIGAN

*Brown & Burnes & Bell*

**THE  
CREDENTA BRACE.**  
(Best and Simplest.)

**TADDY & CO., LONDON.**



"YOU SHOULD TRY THEIR  
MYRTLE GROVE"

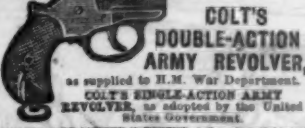
Specially recommended for Rough  
and General Use at home and  
abroad.

**BENSON'S Specially**  
made **£25 GOLD ENGLISH**  
**KEYLESS "FIELD" WALF-CHE-**  
**STER.** Bravest Spring Jewelled,  
and all latest improvements. Guar-  
anteed entirely my best English make,  
to keep Perfect Time, and last a  
lifetime. In all sizes. Sent free for  
£25; Silver, £15.

The Hunting Editor of the Field,  
after a trial of one of these watches  
extending over four months, says:—  
"I have used the watch for four  
months, and have carried it hunting  
sometimes five days a week, and  
never less than three. . . . I can  
confidently recommend Messrs. Ben-  
son's hunting watch as one that can  
be depended on."  
Field, March 22nd, 1881.

**BENSON'S LADY'S**  
**GOLD WATCH KEYLESS**  
**ACTION.** Stout, Damp and Dust-  
proof, 15-Carat, Hunting or Mail-  
Hunting Cases, with Monogram  
handsomely Engraved. Guaranteed  
the Perfection of Workmanship,  
Durability, Time-keeping, and  
Strength. Sent free and safe, on  
receipt of £10; Silver, £5.

**J. W. BENSON,**  
The Queen's Watchmaker,  
LUDGATE HILL, E.C., and  
31, OLD BOND STREET, W.,  
LONDON.  
Gold Chains at Wholesale Prices.  
Catalogue Free.



**COLT'S  
DOUBLE-ACTION  
ARMY REVOLVER,**  
as supplied to H.M. War Department.  
**COLT'S SINGLE-ACTION ARMY  
REVOLVER,** as adopted by the United  
States Government.

**COLT'S "FRONTIER" PISTOL** takes the Colt and  
Winchester Magazine Rifle cartridge, .41 cal.  
**COLT'S HOUSE REVOLVER, POCKET REVOLVER,**  
and **DERINGER,** for the Vest pocket; best quality  
only. Colt's Revolvers are used all over the world.  
**COLT'S DOUBLE-BARRELED SHOT GUN** and  
**MAGAZINE RIFLE,** for India and the Colonies.  
Price List free.

**COLT'S FIREARMS CO., 14, Pall Mall, London, S.W.**

**GOLDEN HAIR—ROBARE'S AUREOLINE**  
produces the beautiful Golden Colour so much  
admired. Guaranteed perfectly harmless. Price  
6s. 6d. and 12s. 6d., of all the principal Perfumers  
and Chemists throughout the world. Wholesale  
Agents, H. HORSFORD & Sons, London.

**CONDY'S FLUID.**  
THERE IS NO GREATER ERROR

Than to suppose Disinfectants are not re-  
quired in Cold and Wet Weather. When  
doors and windows have to be kept closed,  
the air indoors becomes most impure, and a  
dish containing CONDY'S FLUID should  
be placed in all inhabited rooms.

**CONDY'S FLUID**  
HAS JUST BEEN AWARDED THE  
**GOLD MEDAL**

AT THE  
**INTERNATIONAL HEALTH EXHIBITION,  
SOUTH KENSINGTON.**



If you are a man of business, weakened by the strain  
of your duties, avoid stimulants and take

**HOP BITTERS.**

If you are a man of letters, toiling over your mid-  
night work, to restore brain and nerve waste, take

**HOP BITTERS.**

If you are young and growing too fast, or if you are  
suffering from the effects of any over-indulgence,  
take

**HOP BITTERS.**

If you are married or single, old or young, suffering  
from poor health or languishing on a bed of  
sickness, take

**HOP BITTERS.**

Have you DYSPEPSIA, INDISTESTION, URINARY COMPLAINT,  
disease of the STOMACH, BOWELS, BLOOD, LIVER, or  
KIDNEYS? You will be cured if you take

**HOP BITTERS.**

**KORFF'S COCOA.**  
PRIZE MEDAL, LONDON, 1882.

**KORFF'S COCOA.**  
GOLD MEDAL, MANCHESTER, 1882.

**KORFF'S COCOA.**  
SILVER MEDAL, AMSTERDAM, 1883.

**KORFF'S COCOA.**  
GOLD MEDAL, LONDON, 1884.

**KORFF'S COCOA.**  
APPROVED FOR USE IN THE ROYAL NAVY.

**KORFF'S COCOA.**  
Sample Post Free on application to  
E. A. PHILLIPS & CO., Wholesale Agents,  
25, GREAT SAUNDERS STREET, LONDON, E.C.  
Manufactured—Amsterdam. Established 1811.

**GREAT YARMOUTH**

**BLOATER COMPANY.** The Secretary will  
forward to any address genuine BLOATERS,  
Kippers, mild or ham-cured Herrings, at 2s. 6d. and  
3s. for 25; 4s. and 6s. for 50; 8s. and 12s. for 100; or  
7th. Francis Ford & Co., on remittance payable to  
HENRY B. SCOTT, Great Yarmouth, Bankers,  
National Provincial.

**OXFORD.—MITRE HOTEL**

ONE OF THE MOST ECONOMICAL  
FIRST-CLASS HOTELS IN THE KINGDOM

**MADAME TUSSAUD'S  
EXHIBITION.**

Open from 9 till 11.

**GRAND HOTEL NATIONAL  
LUCERNE**

Open all the year round.  
Pension, 15 francs; 10 francs, 12 francs.  
Winter Season, reduced  
prices.

**GRAND HOTEL DU LOUVRE**

THE BEST AND MOST COMFORTABLE  
PARIS. THE WORLD. PARIS.

200 Richly-Furnished Bedrooms and Reception  
Rooms. Bedrooms, from 4 francs.  
Noted Table d'Hôte, 6 francs (wine included).  
Breakfast—Coffee, Tea, and Chocolate, with  
butter, 10c. 50c.

**IMPORTANT NOTICE.**

Great advantages are offered to families desir-  
ing to remain at the Hotel for one week or more.  
Pension from 15 francs per day, including room,  
service, candles, déjeuner à la Fourchette, and  
dinner.  
Splendid Reading-Room and Picture Gallery.  
Baths, Douches, and Hair-dressing Saloon.  
A Lift to all the floors. The Hotel is warm  
throughout with hot air.

**HEAL & SON**

**BEDSTEADS.**

20. IRON FRENCH, from 10s. 6d.  
22. BRASS FRENCH, from 4s.

**BEDDING.**

MATTRESSES, 2ft., from 12s.  
A NEW SPRING MATTRESS, warranted  
and serviceable at a very moderate price.  
50s. This with a Top Mattress (3ft. 6in.)  
a most comfortable Bed, and cannot be surpassed  
at the price.

GOOSE-DOWN QUILTS, 1yd. by 11, 12s.

**BEDROOM FURNITURE**

PLAIN SUITES, from 22.  
DECORATED SUITES, from 22 10s.

ASH and WALNUT SUITES, from 22 10s.  
SCREENS, specially suitable for Bed-Rooms.

**EASY CHAIRS, from 30s.**

COUCHES, from 7s.  
DINING-ROOM CHAIRS, in Leather, from 12s.  
WHITING TABLES, from 5s.  
OCCASIONAL TABLES, from 10s. 6d.

Illustrated Catalogue, with Price List of Bed-  
ding, Free by Post.

195 to 198, Tottenham Ct. Road.

**EASY CHAIRS AND  
DIVANS.**



MANUFACTURED BY  
**HOWARD & SON**

26, BERNERS STREET, W.

A LARGE STOCK FOR SELECTION,  
DESIGNS ON APPLICATION.

**GOLD MEDAL FOR CHAMPAGNE**

AT THE  
**CALCUTTA EXHIBITION**

HAS BEEN AWARDED TO  
**PERINET & FIL**

**REIMS.**

18, New Bond, Street, London.

**RETIRING FROM BUSINESS.**

MR. STREETER, having entered into arrangements for an early transfer  
of the lease of 18, NEW BOND STREET, announces that many important  
Jewels are for disposal on very advantageous terms.

**MR. STREETER'S REMAINING STOCK**

comprises, amongst the many valuable Jewels, a magnificent DIAMOND  
RIVIERE, of 30 Stones, for £4,700; a single row of PEARLS, of rare quality  
for £4,500; several splendid SUITES, from £2,000; also every description  
GEM JEWELLERY at less expensive prices.

The Public have rarely had the opportunity of securing portions of so large a Collection  
of Gems of so unusual a size and quality since the retirement of Messrs. Bunnett & Birt.



## LETTERS TO SOME PEOPLE

ABOUT OTHER PEOPLE'S BUSINESS.

(On the Successful "Candidate" at the Criterion.)

MY DEAR MR. PRIVATE SECRETARY PENLEY,

You are busily engaged every night, and twice a week in the daytime, at the Globe, so you will not be able to see *The Candidate*, recently produced at the Criterion, in which there is also a



The Cry-teary 'un.

Private Secretary, played—and admirably played, too—by Mr. GIDDENS. He is a real serious Private Secretary, with strong Radical views, and though I am of opinion that since you successfully succeeded Mr. BEERBOHM TREE in the character you are now representing, there ought to be no Private Secretary in London except yourself, yet I think that you would agree with me, and admit, that, failing the possibility of your being in two places at once, Mr. GIDDENS, as a steady-going contrast to the volatile Mr. WYNDHAM, his master, is an example to all professional Private Secretaries, and about the best that can be got at a price.

*The Candidate* is a very smart adaptation of *Le Député de Bombignac*, which I saw at the Français at Whitsuntide, and *Le Député* was a variation of the theme of *Un Mari à la Campagne*, which will continue to serve as a model, and supply the materials, for all plays whose motive is the excuse made by a gay husband for absenting himself from a dull home and a tyrannising mother-in-law. The two COQUELINS played the parts that are here taken by Mr. CHARLES WYNDHAM and Mr. GIDDENS, but there can be no comparison between the French and English performance, as the rendering is totally distinct. The elder COQUELIN played the *Député* much as CHARLES MATHEWS might have played it. COQUELIN cadet made the Secretary a hard, matter-of-fact, common-place man, without the gentlemanly tone that characterises Mr. GIDDENS' *Bosfin*; and a Private Secretary, who has been to a public school and a university, should at all events look like a gentleman, even though he appear as a clerical gentleman, shouldn't he? By the way, why is your Private Secretary attired as a High-Church Parson? I suppose the only answer is, that in any other costume he wouldn't have been half as funny. However, you are anxious to know all about *The Candidate*, so *à nos moutons*,—though if ever a man looked a *mouton* on the stage, it is your bath-bun - devouring, orange - sucking, nose-wiping Curate known as *The Private Secretary*. The performance of *Le Député* was far more sedate than that of *The Candidate*, so that the incidents seemed less farcical on the stage of the Français than at the Criterion. Admitting that in the Royalist and Republican hits of the French original there is not the same interest for a Londoner as there is in the jokes at the expense of both Conservatives and Radicals which form the most telling parts of the dialogue at the Criterion, I still think that *The Candidate* is brighter, bricker, and, which is, after all, the real point, far more amusing here than it was in Paris. For my part, I consider *The Candidate* a vast improvement on *Le Député*.

Mr. MALBY has a sleepy part in it, very like something else he played in another piece at this theatre—I forget what—it doesn't matter; but he is just as good as he was then. Mr. BLAKELEY plays a kind of *Aminadab Sleek*, an old-fashioned sort of part, that an audience would not be nowadays inclined to take to kindly, unless in a piece as humorous as this, when the ex-Missionary hasn't much to do, and nothing turns on his Mawwormish cant. Otherwise, this is a dangerous character, and he belongs not to *Le Député* at all, but to



Mr. C. Wyndham; or, Charles the First at the Criterion.

*Un Mari à la Campagne*, where, in my opinion, he had better have been left. The women are well acted, but their characters, from the nature of the case, are of only secondary importance. Miss FANNY COLEMAN is excellent as the snappish Mother-in-law, who would sacrifice domestic happiness to her True-blue Tory partisanship. She can condone any crime in a Conservative; she cannot pardon a single fault in a Radical. She is supposed to be under the thumb of the oily, codfish-eyed ex-Missionary, Mr. BLAKELEY,—but how, is not very clear, and is not strongly insisted on.

Mr. CHARLES WYNDHAM has not had such a part for a very long time, and he is the life and the soul of the piece. Without him I do not believe that even the sharp rattling dialogue could make it go, for without him it would lose its persistent brilliancy. Were any halts and pauses permitted between the flashes of wit, the result would be weariness. As it is, the piece speeds along at high pressure—express—from first to last; and I am sure Mr. HAWTREY, your Manager and Author, will be pleased to hear that there isn't a dull moment in the two hours' entertainment, from nine to eleven, at the Criterion.

I hear that Mr. BEERBOHM-TREE, the original representative of your character, has made a hit as a Journeyman Baker, — as you would say, in the rôle of a baker, — in Mr. COMYNS CAKE's *lever du rideau* at the Prince's. When they put it later, I shall go and see it, unless, by the way, I see it first and then dine afterwards. Is there any chance of your Manager giving a Shakspearian *matinée*? I should like to see you as the *Apothecary* in *Romeo and Juliet*, or as *Peter*, the *Nurse's* page, who, because SHAKESPEARE has given him so little of his own that is fit for ears polite, is obliged to have the part made up out of what other servants have to say, or else poor *Peter* wouldn't have a dozen lines of his own left for him to speak. This is robbing *Peter* and *Paul* too. But supposing these two parts—*Peter* and the *Apothecary* whom *Romeo* "remembers"—were in a modern play—say by Mr. WILLS—wouldn't a Low Comedian of position refuse to play either of them unless the Author consented to "write them up"? And would any Manager, in the first instance, offer such parts to either yourself or Mr. HILL?—though perhaps Mr. W. J. HILL, in a part so physically suited to him as that of the *Apothecary* (i.e., supposing it occurred in a modern piece by WILLS or HERMAN), might be induced to undertake it for a consideration, on the chance of its turning out a great attraction.

No time for any more, as I have to write my own letters, and there is no Private Secretary for

Yours truly, NIBBS.

## STAY, PRITHEE STAY!

(From Mr. Punch to Mr. Russell Lowell, on hearing of his intended return to America, and renouncing his official duties.)

RUSSELL BIG-LOW-ELL! Going! Nay, you won't. And we're so fond of you. Think twice, and "Don't." Let some one come your office-work to tackle. You don't affect the "Government by cackle." No, Sir, I cackelate that you can't fix Things as you'd have 'em in home politics; No, you can't right what's wrong,—we're also sure That you can't write what's wrong in literature. BIG-LOW-ELL, stay! No? Well, since we can't start with you, Fare— No, we cannot say it. We won't part with you.

## SPINSTER SUFFRAGE.

So Mr. WOODALL, in the House of Commons, brings forward a Bill to extend the franchise to Eligible Single Women. What will be the use of that to them? The great majority of eligible single women will very soon cease to be single, and then wedlock will disqualify them from voting. How, in the meanwhile, to distinguish the eligible single women from the ineligible?



Portrait of the Godfather of the Adapted Candidate.



## AN ESSAY BY A PUPIL-TEACHER.

*Rector (reads).* "HORSE-RACING IS A FAVOURITE PASTIME OF THE ARISTOCRACY AND OTHER BLACKGUARDS. JOCKEYS ARE FED ON GIN FROM CHILDHOOD, TO STOP THEIR GROWTH. THE RACECOURSE IS A SCENE OF DRUNKENNESS, PROFANITY, AND VICE, RUINOUS ALIKE TO BODY AND SOUL. THE NEXT IMPORTANT EVENT IS THE ST. LAGER. THE FAVOURITE IS RATCATCHER, BUT FATHER SAYS THE STRAIGHT TIP IS BLURNOSE."

## PSYCHOGRAPHY ON THE SLATES.

(By Our Own Investigator.)

My scepticism as to the nature of spiritual manifestations, so called, having been somewhat shaken by recent reports of a *séance* at which phenomena of that description are stated to have astonished the strong mind even of an illustrious Statesman, I resolved personally to witness an exhibition of them, for the purpose of testing their reality. With that view, in concert with a small party of friends, I sought and obtained, by the usual means, an appointment with the well-known Medium, Mr. JENKINSON, saying to myself that will be the surest way to go in for investigation—*Medio tutissimus ibis*.

We assembled, by agreement, at the Medium's own residence in one of the principal streets of a fashionable neighbourhood, where he occupied a first-floor. Our *séance* took place in a little back-room, in whose centre was a light mahogany table, around which we sat, in broad daylight; myself close to the Medium, on his right hand—not, please to observe, over the left.

Mr. JENKINSON produced a number of slates from a stock at hand, and permitted me to clean them on both sides with a wet sponge and a dry duster. He also placed before us several crumbs of slate-pencil and fragments of differently coloured chalks. I selected a piece of pencil, and placed it between two of the slates, which I bound firmly together with two yards' length of twine well rubbed in with cobbler's-wax, of which I had brought a quantity with me in my side-pocket, wherein it had got so warm that it stuck fast, and was removed with difficulty. However, the slates having been tied to one another as tight as wax could make them, the Medium took them in his right hand, and held them with his fingers under the table, and his thumb resting on the top of it, so that there could be no deception, so far, and no mistake. Almost immediately we heard a sound of writing between the slates, and, at its cessation, a few

## WHISTLER SUFFOLK-ATED.

[Mr. WHISTLER has just been elected a member of the Incorporated Society of British Artists, whose Winter Exhibition, in Suffolk Street, opened last Monday.]

WHISTLER in Suffolk Street, oh, what a jolly day,  
Artists will have when our JAMES shows his face;  
E'en the R. A.'s will for once take a holiday,  
Seeing what pictures he sends to the place.  
Will they be etchings or Nocturnes erratical?  
Will they be Symphonies wondrously made?  
Still he's elected a member, and that I call  
Strangest of compliments ever was paid.

Suffolk Street's staid and so truly respectable,  
Everything there is conventional stuff,  
CAUTY is good, and GLINDONI delectable,  
Pictures, too, come from the average muff.  
HOLYOAKE's there who has taught the Academy,  
SADLER we see, who MARKS imitates well,  
Dealers in pictures by him if they had 'em, he  
Knows, have got work that is certain to sell.

Good water-colours are seen if we look for them,  
Here JAMES MACCULLOCH's bright colours are true,  
BLACKBURN methinks should bring out a new book for  
them,

Giving them sketches of all they can do.  
Recently, too, they have done up the gallery,  
Gorgeous it looks in its new-fashioned dress,  
While they've elected the "greenery-gallery"  
WHISTLER, and may the show be a success!

NOTES OF SONGS.—"Bid me Good-bye! P. TOSTI."  
Certainly, with pleasure. Good-bye, P. TOSTI; or, with  
greater pleasure, we will reply in the words of the very  
next advertised song, by Miss CAROLINE LOTHIAN,  
"Farewell, yet not Farewell!" Write an antibac-  
chanalian song P(lease) TOSTI, with the accompaniment  
of a Temperance movement in T flat, as a warning  
against anything like 'Tosti-cation.

TOUCHING APPEAL.—Subscriptions are constantly being  
sought for in order to "raise a sinking fund." We sympa-  
thise sincerely with the appeal. A friend of ours says that  
his funds are always sinking, and wants to know if some  
charitably disposed persons cannot help him to raise them

slight raps. The Medium then handed me the slates from under the  
table, and on unbinding them we found, written on the lower one,  
distinctly, in a Schoolboy's roundhand, the aphorism, "Variety is  
charming." To this was appended, in the same handwriting,  
"A Spirit wishes to communicate."

Two other slates were now secured as before, and held by the  
Medium in the same way. The sound of writing was repeated for  
some instants; and, when the slates were separated, the under slate  
presented the rudimentary caricature of a human figure, such as youth  
are accustomed to delineate on gateposts and walls. To this suc-  
ceeded a sum in long division, of considerable extent, under which,  
still in the abovenamed youthful caligraphy, was the following  
modification of a piece of poetry once familiar to young gentlemen  
of the Old School:—

"Multiplication was vexation,  
Division was as bad;  
The Rule of Three confounded me,  
And practice drove me mad.

DOBSON JUNIOR."

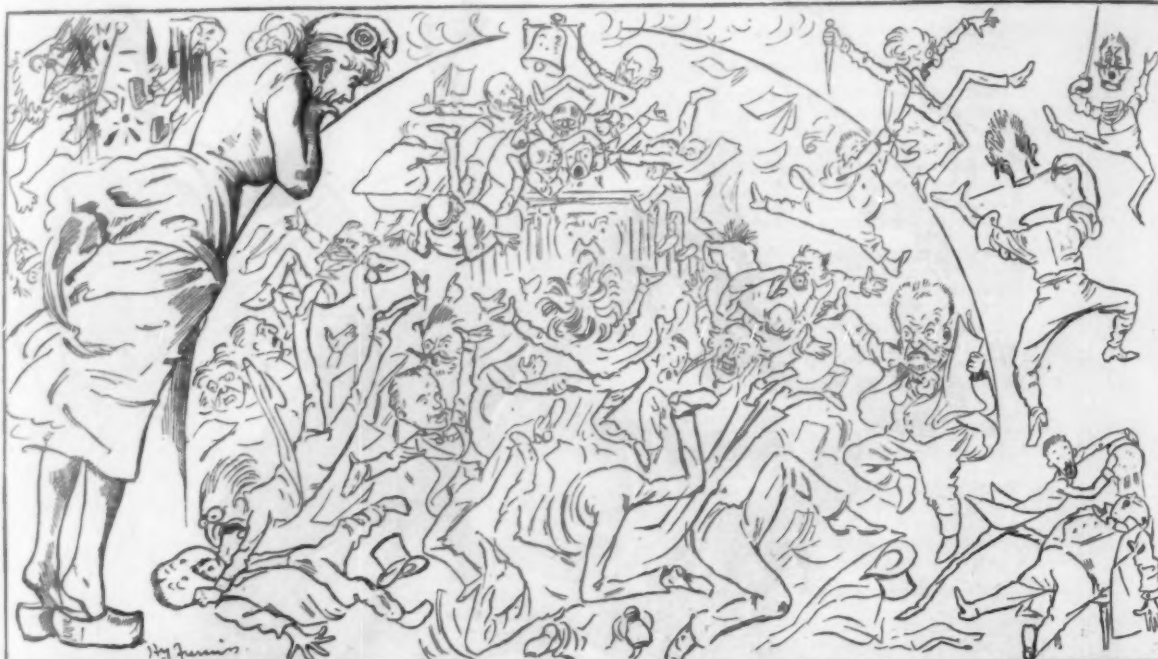
To my unspeakable amazement I recognised the foregoing signature  
as that of a schoolfellow of mine who had long ago passed into the  
Summer Land, in consequence, it was supposed, of having one day  
eaten an inordinate quantity of apple-dumpling. Interrogated  
further by means of the slates, he declared himself one of the  
Medium's "controls," usually communicating by the name of  
"JOEY," and as to his circumstances in the spiritual spheres, he  
professed that he was "awfully jolly." I felt sensible of a certain  
anachronism in the employment of this phrase, which "Dobson  
Junior" alias "JOEY" in his day could never have heard of, and I  
can't make out the spiritual partnership that seems to exist between  
"JOEY," and Mr. JENKINSON; but there are more things in Heaven  
and Earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy, or that any  
fellow can be expected to understand.



NOVEMBER NOTES.



## A LEAF FROM THE FRENCH "CHAMBERS" JOURNAL.



PARLIAMENTARY VIEWS: —————: HOW THEY MANAGE IN FRANCE

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Barking, Saturday, Nov. 29.

DEAR AND RESPECTED MASTER,  
*Excusez ma "franchise,"* but "Essence of Parliament" is  
 this week represented by  $\frac{x}{x}$ , and that's the reason Y. So no more  
 at present from Your fond and faithful TOBY.

"Confound his algebraical impudence!" exclaimed Mr. Punch.  
 "He's beginning Xmassing already. When he returns, I shall  
 make Master TOBY sit up." Then the Sage of Fleet Street redi-  
 stributed his cushioned seats, lit a cigar, and finished the interesting  
 article on "Mr. GLADSTONE" in the *Fortnightly*.

## "TEMPORA MUTANTUR."

"It is anticipated that the new method of dividing the clock-dial into  
 the entire twenty-four hours of the day and night as already publicly adopted  
 by the authorities at Greenwich, will soon come into general use, and be  
 found to greatly simplify all time calculations."—*Daily Paper*.

*Fly-leaf from the New Time-keeper's Phrase-book.*

We must try and get to the Concert to-night by twenty-to-twenty.  
 Certainly, I shall not be later; for I do not wish to miss that  
 charming old song, "Meet me in the Lane when the Clock strikes  
 Twenty-one."

Very good, we shall have a sharp and early dinner, at which I  
 hope you will join us; say, at a quarter-to-nineteen.

Can't. I'm so sorry, but I've promised to drop in to Seventeen  
 o'Clock Tea with the ROBINSONS.

Dear me, I thought Mrs. R. was still giving her early Fifteen  
 o'Clocks.

So she is, for the little people; *à propos* how capitally they got  
 through that Nursery Part Song! You know it, of course?

"Dickory, Dickory dook,  
 The Mouse ran up the Clock;  
 The Clock struck *Thirteen*,—  
 And the Mouse turned green  
 From the mere effect of the shock!"

Ha! ha! Very pretty. Well, a quarter to nineteen sharp, then;  
 and remember I have got to catch the twenty-four forty-eight.

## WHY.

(According to the Croakers.)

THE First Lord of the Admiralty is satisfied with a moderate vote  
 because—

1. He says "he really wouldn't know what on earth to do with a  
 larger one;"

2. If anything is wrong,—well, it isn't *his* fault;

3. Everybody knows well enough, whatever they may say, that  
 "BRITANNIA rules the waves," and that one Englishman is worth five  
 Frenchmen.

4. NELSON won the Battle of Trafalgar, and won it without a single  
 Iron-clad.

5. He has every confidence in the cheerful sagacity and foresight  
 of his worthy colleagues.

6. Statistics prove nothing;

7. If it comes to facts and figures, he doesn't suppose an enterpris-  
 ing evening paper "knows so very much more about a Torpedo than  
 he does."

8. There's lots of time to take proper measures when a reasonable  
 occasion arrives.

9. He never, in his experience, knew Europe more amiable or  
 tranquil.

10. If they were to come bothering the country with another  
 threepence on the Income-Tax, no matter for what purpose, the coun-  
 try would soon dispense with the services of the present Government.

11. When the country did dispense with the services of the present  
 Government, there would most infallibly be an end of the British  
 Empire; and

12. When there was an end of the British Empire, there would be  
 no longer any necessity for engaging the services of a thoughtful,  
 shrewd, sagacious, sanguine, and, above all, economically-disposed  
 First Lord of the Admiralty.

AN UNDECIDED CHARACTER.—Winter has not made up his mind  
 what he's going to be. Old-fashioned, cold, snowy, and Siberian,  
 or after the modern classically-draped Christmas card Cupid style,  
 or muggy, alimy, and miserable? Will he be hard on us, or—Hark!  
 'tis Winter wrapping his mantle round him, and muttering like the  
 heavy villain of old Melodrama, "But soft! I must December—  
 I mean dissemble!" Then exit November, and enter December.



*Rajah Randolph (singing). "Hark! 'tis the Indian Drum—"*  
*Rajah Gorst (swooning). "No; we must leave the Drum behind. Don't*  
*Drummy, WOLFFY dear!"*

[*"It is probable that Mr. GORST may revisit India on professional business during the Recess, joining Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL later."*—*Daily News*, Nov. 27.]

### SUMMER IN WINTER.

(*A Rhyme at the Winter Exhibition of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours.*)

O SWEET when December draws nigh, to forget it in pleasanter  
 "drawings,"  
 Such as (say) ALBERT GOODWIN'S "*Strayed Sheep*," where you  
 fancy you hear the rooks' cawings;  
 To step from the stir of Pall Mall to "*The Rover at Rest*," (He  
 who would win  
 His way into fairyland surely may find cicerone in GOODWIN.)  
 With deft J. D. WATSON to dip in that snug "*Bather's Pool*," on  
 the quiet,  
 Delicious retreat, where in Thompson-like visions the fancy may  
 riot!—  
 Or gaze on that other "*Retreat*," not by any means peaceful or  
 tender,  
 Which brave Sir JOHN GILBERT depicts with such dash and chro-  
 matical splendour.  
 The wild "*Western Highlands*" to gaze on, with dainty-brush'd  
 dear BIRKET-FOSTER,  
 Mrs. ALLINGHAM'S charming "*Old Place*," with attractions for poet  
 or coster.  
 In child-joy and cabbage-beds. PILSMUR'S true "*Village Homes*"  
 'midst such scenery  
 As 'witches the true English heart with its peaceful and pastoral  
 greenery;  
 With JACKSON at Greenlands or Henley the Thames stream to wander  
 or sit by;  
 Or with graceful DU MAURIER take a long lingering "*Last Look at*  
*Whitby*."  
 Sweet, in fact, when without the cold grip of old Winter your nose  
 twinks and ruddies,  
 To find Summer and sun in the Winter "*Exhibition of Sketches and*  
*Studies*,"  
 At No. 5A, Pall Mall, East, in the R. S. P. W. Gallery.  
 And he who would miss such a joy is deserving of merciless railery;  
 For precious the Art that can show the dull work-a-day world Nature's  
 playtime,  
 And brighten the dark, drear December with bright reminiscence of  
 May-time!

### Hawful Hignorence of the Hupper Classes!

I WAS offshiating lately in my perfehshnal capacity at a dinner of  
 one of the werry ighest Livery Companys, at witch a gent from the  
 north of Skotland was present, who, I was told, was a Skoteh  
 Common Councilman. Wen I was a taking of the Shampain round,  
 I sez to him sez I, Click O, or Hideandseek, Sir? And may I never  
 taste another drop of '47 Port—not '74, Mr. HATLASS—if he didn't  
 look up at me and say, "Not neether, thank 'ye, but I shoold like a  
 nice glass of Shampaine!"

ROBERT.

### REMARKABLE THEATRICAL FEAT.

MR. J. L. TOOLE has done some remarkable things in the way of  
 playing in an unknown quantity of pieces on the same day in different  
 towns, but last week, according to the following advertisement from  
 the *Sussex Daily News* (Friday, November 28), he quite surpassed  
 himself. Read this:—

A MINT OF MONEY.—TO-NIGHT.—TOOLE as Kerosine Tred-  
 gold to-night. (First Time in Brighton.) Benefit and Last Two  
 Nights of the Eminent Comedian, Mr. J. L. TOOLE, and his own London  
 Theatre Company. TO-NIGHT (FRIDAY), NOVEMBER 28, Benefit of Mr.  
 J. L. TOOLE. (For the first time in Liverpool), the popular Comedy in  
 Three Acts, A MINT OF MONEY. Kerosine Tredgold, Mr. J. L. TOOLE.  
 After which Mr. TOOLE will deliver his famous Burlesque Lecture, and say  
 a few words to his friends.

Sir BOYLE ROCHE'S Bird may retire from business after this. How  
 the eminent Comedian could have appeared the same night at the  
 same time in the same piece at Liverpool and at Brighton puzzles us  
 to comprehend. At last we can understand the advertisement which  
 has so frequently puzzled us of "TOOLE in Two Pieces." Let us  
 hope, by this time, that he has managed to "pull himself together."  
 He should recollect that "it is never TOOLE late to mend!"

### ALTERATIONS FOR THE UNDERGROUND RAILWAY.

(*Suggested by an Indulgent Public.*)

EVERY Engine to be fitted with a silent, non-screoehing steam-  
 whistle.

Carriage-doors to be self-sliding and self-containing.

The Electric Light to be laid on everywhere with movable hand-  
 lamps for all the compartments.

The Guards to be graduates of Oxford and Cambridge.

The Porters to hold certificates for pure, nervous, polished English  
 from Mr. WALTER LACY.

The Ticket-Clerks to have learned politeness as *attachés* in the  
 Foreign Office.

The Stationmasters to have passed successfully for the Indian  
 Civil Service.

The Tunnels to be open at the top, and to be watered every quarter  
 of an hour with Ess. Bouquet.

The Third-Class Waiting-Rooms to be furnished with best morocco  
 and solid Spanish mahogany.

The Platforms to be laid with Turkey carpet.

The Buffets to contain unlimited gratuitous luncheon, supplied at  
 the expense of the Directors.

Every Lady Passenger to receive a bouquet, and every Gentleman  
 a cigar, on entering the station.

And all Classes to be carried anywhere and everywhere for  
 nothing!

### Curious.

THIS is from the *Daily Telegraph*:—

A LADY, with one little girl, of large experience, aged 30, a SITUA-  
 TION as responsible Housekeeper or Manageress. Salary no object.  
 Testimonials unexceptionable.

No doubt this Lady's testimonials are unexceptionable. Though  
 her daughter, doubtless, has large experience, one would hardly call  
 her a Girl at thirty, and certainly not little. We are not quite clear  
 who wants the situation, whether it is the Lady or the Little Girl  
 aged Thirty.

"C'EST GAI . . . MAIS C'EST TRISTE."—In Brussels a new Comic  
 paper has appeared entitled *Le Choléra*. It is advertised as  
 "*paraissant toutes les semaines*," and the first number illustrated  
 (there are three small skulls and cross-bones on the frontispiece), has  
 been forwarded to us. The subscription for the year is ten francs  
 for natives, twelve for foreigners, and a "*prix très minime*" is fixed  
 for "*annonces et réclames*." What next? This *Choléra* marks  
 quite a new era in journalism. There is yet hope, however; for we  
 have not seen a second number.

CHANGE OF NAME.—Owing to the unanimity with which the  
 Powers assembled at Berlin have disposed of the Central African  
 Question, it has been decided that the *Congo* shall henceforth be  
 known as the *Nem. Con-go*!

How doth the little Bizzzy B-ISMARCK? Not particularly well just  
 now. And if, after all his attempts at Conciliation, France regards  
 him distrustfully, this will be very bitter, in fact quite Gaul to him.



## AN INDUCEMENT.

Mamma (with silken thread in her hands). "DO BE BRAVE, AND HAVE IT OUT, MAGGIE; IT WILL BE ALL OVER IN A SECOND!"  
Tommy. "YES, AND IT WILL BE ONE LESS FOR YOU TO CLEAN, YOU KNOW, MAGGIE!"

## THE DUAL UN-CONTROL.

Signor Northbrookini loquitur:—

HOUF-LA! Yes, it's all very fine,  
But I feel most confoundedly queer;  
And these oddly-matched horses of mine  
Are decidedly awkward to steer,  
If "steer" 's the right word, which, I fear,  
Is a question I cannot decide  
In my shaky position up here,  
With the brutes I'm instructed to ride.  
Look at 'em! Now, does it seem fair  
To couple such creatures as these  
And call them—great Heavens!—a pair?  
One might ride with about as much ease  
A Sphinx and a Sea-horse. Do, please,  
Mr. Ring-master, steady that whip.  
There's a terrible strain on my knees,  
And I'm sadly afraid I shall slip.  
Talk of horse-marines? Look at my pose—  
Like a model Colossus askew!  
A monkey, with prehensile toes,  
Might feel safe, but I'm dashed if I do.  
Were Pegasus yoked with a "screw,"  
I might manage to stick to each saddle,  
But my chances of shining seem few  
O'er this nondescript couple a-straddle.

Houf-là! Well, I'm trying my best;  
But whether I'm safe for the goal  
Remains to be put to the test.  
I feel doubtful myself, on the whole;  
They seem rather beyond my control,  
These two nags,—and your face wears a frown.  
Mr. Ring-master. Lord, how they roll,  
Swerve, and shy! Don't I wish I were down!

## A WORD AND, A WORRY.

IN the language of journals and reviews, *Mr. Punch*, there are certain—and uncertain—words and phrases, which, like some dramatic productions, get repeated with such frequency that they may be said to have a "run." In addition to "elastic," "elasticity," "tension," "strained relations," and so forth, an old word has lately been adopted, seemingly in a new sense, to express a peculiar shade of meaning—the word "fairly;" as "fairly proficient," "fairly industrious," "fairly successful." It appears intended to signify something more than "moderately" or "passably," and something less than "fully" or "perfectly," perhaps as nearly as possible "satisfactory in the circumstances, all things considered." But now it has come to recur so very often, that its repetition is felt to be considerably tiresome, like the posters on the railways, at station after station, advertising soap, and cocoa, and mustard, and corn-flour, which in interminable succession weary the passenger's mind and eye. "Fairly," indeed, may be a fairly handy term; but isn't it rather unfairly hackneyed, and all the rather that it is so vague as to be scarcely quite intelligible, whilst it constitutes a tautology which ought to be looked to, inasmuch as it decidedly amounts to a bit of a bore. In a fairly critical spirit, I trust, of comment on a trivial and slightly tiresome expression, permit me to express myself  
Yours particularly,  
PERTINUS.

P.S.—Without flattery, Sir, I beg to congratulate you on your invariable rule of animadverting on everything and everybody as fairly even as facetiously.

BARLOWANA.—A Schoolmaster residing in X—, in the county of Y—, won't allow his pupils to read Froude's *History*. However, he caught one of his young friends so eagerly reading it behind a bush in the garden that his tutor's approach was unobserved. The instructor of youth gave the delinquent two hundred lines of MILTON's *Paradise Lost* to write out and learn by heart, as an appropriate punishment for disobedience, to remind him of his being in the Garden devouring the forbidden Froude.





### DUAL UN-CONTROL.

SIGNOR NORTHBROOKINI, 'THE STAR RIDER,' IN HIS "DARING ACT" ON TWO HORSES.

AND A. J. HARRIS, ENGRAVERS, NEW YORK.



THE ENGRAVER

PRINTED BY J. HARRIS, NEW YORK.

DE

On  
the

LIT

V

Cas

V

Her

V

And

V

And

T

W

A

Lit

C

Lo

A

Bu

An

An

An

Bu

H

Fr

So

T



## THE BEST COURSE TO STEER.



Old Salt. "Delay there, my hearties! You're both of you anxious for the safety of the Mariner, so shake hands, and be friends."

THEY TWTIXT CHAMBERLAIN AND TYNDALL  
Away to nothing let it dwindle,  
And neither side the flame rekindle.

## LONDON IN NOVEMBER.

LIFE in London in November should be pleasant to remember,  
When "each separate dying ember," as the bard remarked before,  
Casts its dancing shadow o'er us, though no raven comes to bore us  
With its everlasting chorus of an aimless "Nevermore!"

Here's our London grown more chilly, and leaves fall in Piccadilly,  
Which "or noisy" or when "stilly" LOCKER vowed he loved so  
well;  
And the air is sometimes gritty mid the turmoil of the City,  
Where the Stocks fall, more's the pity, and the brokers buy and  
sell,

And the streets are full of traffic; it would need a pen more graphic  
To describe each look seraphic that sometimes you chance to meet;  
While you see too many faces that recall no vanished graces,  
And folks walk with painful paces in the long and dreary street.

Life is hard and life is real, and the poet's one ideal  
Oft will fade ere it can be all that his fancy dares to limn;  
Look far backward through the ages and explore historic pages,  
And each picture I'll engage is grown both desolate and dim.

But here's London, and each pleasure ready still in fullest measure,  
For the men of ample leisure, and for those who work all day:  
And you need not feel a sinner if you lose, or prove a winner,  
At the rubber before dinner which the Garrick stagers play.

And the theatres are filling and absorb the nimble shilling  
From the public, never willing to leave favourites in the lurch;  
But the Stage is overreaching its due bounds when trying teaching.  
Leave the Parson to his preaching, that's the mission of the Church.

Here are dinners snug and cosy, where we gaily "pass the rosy,"  
While a casual symposium can hurt no mortal men;  
From the oyster to the pheasant you feel genial and pleasant,  
While the perfect number present should be eight or sometimes ten.

So good-bye to you, November; for, excuse us, here's December,  
With whom we recomember to have spent some pleasant times;  
Though white hairs may chance to be trophies of old age, here's  
Vade retro!

To Dull Care, where near the Metropolitan delights and chimes.

## A BIT AFTER BOZZY.

DOCTOR JOHNSON was informed that a certain girl, the plaintiff in an action for breach of promise of marriage against a young man of wealthy connections, had obtained £10,000 damages. "Sir," said he, "she is a fortunate young woman. Ten thousand pounds, in these times, would be a tolerably handsome amount for a marriage settlement. But, Sir, she has acquired all that money without any marriage, and without any settlement at all, and into the bargain, for aught we know, may have escaped from marrying a simpleton." "Yet stay, Sir," he added, with a hearty laugh, "we do not yet know how much the sum she is said to have secured may have been reduced by legal expenses."

## "EN ATTENDANT."

WITH Mr. Punch's permission, and on the first leisure afternoon, we will avail ourselves of the opportunity recently afforded us by the *Saturday Review*, to re-state a plain matter-of-fact opinion, expressed by one of us a while ago, and since then much commented upon, misquoted, and misrepresented, as to the performance of pure and unadulterated SHAKSPERE before a theatre-going audience of our own time; that is, of the last quarter of this Nineteenth Century. As to other matters treated of in that same article, wherein the writer got himself a trifle mixed,—and, to quote the *Saturday's* favourite RABELAIS, "by the kibes of our heels, he does not understand the topics"—if Mr. Punch allowed his serenity to be for one instant disturbed, then:—

"He the Far-darter, would so deftly draw his bowstring!  
Then would Southampton Street with cries of wounded host ring,  
Down, down, they go!  
Steel penetrating through each *Saturday Reviewer*,  
See them now spitted, like wee larks upon a skewer,  
All in a row!"

And, to continue the Rabelaisian jargon which the *Saturday Reviewist* will thoroughly understand and appreciate, were it possible that His Serene Serenity should condescend to indulge these jaypenners and quill-splitters with some spiced spoonfuls of their own beloved Pantagruelism, then might he serve these gnarring, snarling, guerieting, prototypal, cacodoxical fluster-blusterers, not, forsooth, with good casebain, bergamot-pears, stately pasties and pan-puddings, but with an undistilled mish-mash flushed out of their own nigrotical, coagulated, pestiferous ink-horns, such as Friar JOHANNES poured hotoh-potoh *quand même, holus bolus, super illos nolentes volentes*, and down the gaping throttles of the Mire-linguists. So, farewell for awhile to the pragmatistical Sab-batistical Tergivisighters!

Then there is an ancient pink-tinted well-Conservative'd Spinster in the Strand, one Miss GLOBE, who, either to excite the charitable compassion of the penny-giving public, or to disarm resentment, is always impressing on everybody that she is the "Oldest Evening Paper," and never loses a chance of raising her voice with its querulous quavering notes,—the very "notes" of senility—in order to scold Mr. Punch, who is utterly unconscious of ever having given the slightest cause of offence to this otherwise worthy old soul. She must not presume too much on the privilege of age. Mr. Punch hopes that she may soon recover her good temper, if not, that she may long live to shake her fist at him and shriek—and prosper. So he politely raises his hat and passes on his way.



"Pray, Goody, please to moderate  
The rancour of your tongue."

HARDY ANNUALS.—"Father Christmas"? No, very much Nearer Christmas, judging by the appearance of the blooming Annuals. Two first-rate illustrated Shilling's-worths are the Christmas numbers of *The World and Truth*. In the former, Mr. BRYAN'S caricature likenesses are all excellent, with—ahem!—of course one exception, and we should never have known for whom it was meant if the name hadn't been writ legibly underneath. How people could say that particular one was exactly like, and absolutely flattering, will remain among the few things that are incomprehensible to us. The coloured cards in *Truth* are very effective; and in the City they say that *Truth's* pictures generally are worth their weight in Gould. The lot is only one shilling, so this is an instance of not "baying Gould too dear." And to think that it's a month to Christmas Day! Why, these Christmas Numbers will have passed into history by then!

It is announced that Mr. SCHNADHORST, of "The National Liberal Federation," is, for the benefit of his health, about to sail for India in the same ship with Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL. Extremes meet, and find themselves "in the same boat." What did DOUGLAS JERROLD say about "in the same boat but with different skulls?" Here's their health!



## IMPRACTICABLE.

Judge (to Witness). "REPEAT THE PRISONER'S STATEMENT TO YOU, EXACTLY IN HIS OWN WORDS. NOW, WHAT DID HE SAY?"

Witness. "MY LORD, HE SAID HE STOLE THE PIG—"

Judge. "IMPOSSIBLE! HE COULDN'T HAVE USED THE THIRD PERSON."

Witness. "MY LORD, THERE WAS NO THIRD PERSON!"

Judge. "NONSENSE! I SUPPOSE YOU MEAN THAT HE SAID, 'I STOLE THE PIG'!"

Witness (shocked). "OH, MY LORD! HE NEVER MENTIONED YOUR LORDSHIP'S NAME!"

[Dismissed ignominiously!]

## PAPER-KNIFE POEMS.

By Our Special Book-Marker.

## A CHRISTMAS FLOWER-SHOW.

DON'T babble of chrysanthemums, don't talk of mistletoe,  
But come and see the wonders of our Christmas Flower-Show!  
There are marvels from MACMILLAN and from others whom you  
know,  
From ROUTLEDGE, FISHER UNWIN, and from MARCUS WARD & Co.;  
There are annuals from Edinburgh, and blossoms from the Row,  
From CASSELL and from BLACKWOOD, and from MARION & Co.:  
From HOGG and CROSBY LOCKWOOD, and BLACKIE and his SON,  
And other noted growers of such piquante Christmas fun!  
I have a tasting-order, and I seldom taste in vain,  
So let's unsheath the Paper-Knife, and cut and come again!

MISS ADAMS' pleasant *Birthday-Book* you eagerly will con,  
With CURWEN'S stirring *Memoirs* he entitles *Plodding On*;  
And would you study palmistry, I'd have you understand,  
You'll have to read the book by CRAIG—'tis called *Your Tricks in Hand*.

HOPE'S *Stories Out of School-time* you'll carefully peruse;  
LADY ST. CLAIR'S *Dainty Dishes* I think you'll ne'er refuse—  
'Tis full of good suggestions, and, it cannot be denied,  
The book is doubly welcome at this jolly Christmastide!  
And then *Self-Help for Women* our most marked attention claims,  
With *Pocket-Dictionary of a Thousand Christian Names*.  
But in *St. George for England*, and likewise *In Freedom's Cause*,  
GEORGE HENTY, also GORDON BROWNE, can't fail to win applause.  
MRS. MOLESWORTH'S *Christmas-Tree Land* great kudos will obtain  
With its clever illustrations deftly drawn by WALTER CRANE.

*Flower-Language* helps KATE GREENAWAY to keep her fame alive,  
And charming is her *Almanac for Eighteen Eighty-Five*!

GILMAN'S *Magna Charta Stories* will ne'er be left unscanned,  
While boys will go with MANVILLE FENN, with joy, to *Bunyip Land*!  
And how they'll revel in the tale about the Rye-House Plot  
MISS MARY ROWSELL wrote and called *Traitor or Pat-ri-ot*?  
'Tis full of stirring incident, a thrilling story, and  
The pictures are by MURRAY and by C. J. STANILAND.  
The *Baby's Album* Series most undoubtedly is smart,  
And MARION'S *Photographic Guide*'s no foe to graphic art!  
ST. JOHNSTON'S *Charlie Asgarde* is a tale for all to read,  
*French Prisoners*, by EDWARD BERTZ, is very good indeed;  
The *Sunday Scrap Book*, doubtless, will much Bible-lore impart;  
A most attractive volume is the *Magazine of Art*.  
REYNOLDS HOLE'S bright *Book of Roses* all growers read with zest;  
VERNON MORWOOD'S *Band of Mercy* is full of interest.  
And brave BON GAULTIER—pictured well by CROWQUILL, DOYLE,  
and LEECH—  
In his matchless *Book of Ballads*, still loves to laugh and teach!

MISS SCANNELL pictures gives in *Play of merry, playful times*,  
While *Nursery Numbers* overflows with joyous laughing rhymes;  
*Brothers in Arms*, a story is by HARRISON well told;  
*Men Fortunate*'s a chronicle of rank and fame and gold!  
The *Boys' Own Book* all boys will like—its purpose seldom fails—  
And every one is sure to read MISS KROEKKER'S *Fairy Tales*!  
They are full of fairy fancy, of quaint conceit and fun,  
With pictures by CARRUTHERS GOULD, most admirably done.  
'Mid all the Christmas Artists, I am sure that you cannot  
A wiser or a better find than RANDOLPH CALDECOTT;  
To children of all ages he's indubitably dear,  
Thrice welcome are the *Picture Books* he gives us ev'ry year!

CHRISTMAS TIME ANTICIPATED.—The Theatres seem to be going  
in for juvenile entertainments—*Nida's First, Babes, Twins, and Our Boys*.





ENGLISH "GENTS" ENJOYING THE MUSIC ON THE LAST NIGHT OF THE PROMENADE CONCERTS.  
COVENT GARDEN, MONDAY, NOVEMBER 24.

## TRIAL BY JUDGE; OR, WHAT IT IS COMING TO.

(From the Law Report of the Future.)

QUEEN'S BENCH DIVISION.

Sittings in Blanko before Mr. Justice Jakins.

ROBINSON v. SMITH.

THIS was the nineteenth day of this action. The Defendant, SMITH, had twice driven an amateur railway furniture-van over the Plaintiff, and these proceedings had, in consequence, been taken on the part of the latter to protect himself from further annoyance. Both the Plaintiff and the Defendant were, as is now usual, unrepresented by Counsel.

Mr. Justice JAKINS on taking his seat said that he wished, before proceeding with the immediate business of the day, to know if he could be of any professional use to the various parties to the several suits that he noticed were set down on the list to follow the present case. He did not wish, of course, to force his advice on anybody, but he felt he could scarcely do less, looking at the handsome amount of his salary, and the present discredited and destitute condition of the Senior Bar, than take any little extra work of this kind, however irregular, cheerfully on his own shoulders. (Laughter.)

The remarks of the learned Judge were immediately followed by a rush at the Bench, during which all the Plaintiffs and Defendants concerned in the seven subsequent actions, together with a few stray Solicitors who were swept away with the excitement, managed, after a violent struggle, to reach and take possession of his Lordship's private room.

Mr. Justice JAKINS (nodding to the Usher): I shan't be very long. Try to keep 'em quiet.

The learned Judge then left the Bench, and had hardly done so, when the whole body of the Court was suddenly invaded by an infuriated mob of ragged Queen's Counsel, who poured in in the wildest confusion, shouting, singing, and waving their worn-out wigs. The movement had evidently been preconcerted, for on several leading Members of the profession jumping, amid much amusement, on to the table of the Court, and commencing the well-known street-loafers' chorus of "We've got no work to do—do—do," the refrain was eagerly caught up by the surging mass of

Barristers beneath, and sung in unison with deafening effect. This having, spite every effort of the Usher, continued for about two hours and a half, Mr. Justice JAKINS made his reappearance on the Bench. His taking his seat, however, was the signal for a round of groans and hisses from the professional portion of the audience.

Mr. Justice JAKINS: I am afraid this is very irregular; and if it continues I shall, without any regard to the weather, have to take the rest of this case in one of the quadrangles.

Mr. NOTHINGTON HARDUP, Q. C., who spoke in a voice feeble from exhaustion, was understood to say that he and his legal brethren had no wish to impose such an alternative on the learned Judge, only he humbly submitted that as they had a perfect right to be there, though most of them had had nothing to eat for a fortnight, he thought something might be done to relieve them. Speaking for himself, he would undertake any case that was offered him on the moment, and without even looking at his brief, conduct it at fourpence an hour, payable, if his client so wished it, later on by instalments on the three years hire system. (Great laughter.) Still, he would not mind a little bread-and-cheese on account. (Renewed laughter.)

Mr. JUSTICE JAKINS: The old, old plea, Mr. HARDUP! You evidently want to begin with a refresher! (Roars of laughter.) But I take it that neither the Plaintiff nor the Defendant here have any special need of your services. We have, I admit, a hitch or two now and then, a little bad law, and a great deal of evidence, that really I can only regard as admissible because it is so extremely entertaining. Still, I am on the spot to set matters right; and, speaking from a now rather lengthy experience of what I may call "personally conducted" cases, I think you know, take them all round, they are really, to use a familiar expression, "rather fun." Go on, Mr. ROBINSON. (Referring to his notes.) You had just described to us the remarkable feats of horsemanship the Plaintiff's great uncle said his niece witnessed at the Crystal Palace in the year 1867. It is not very material, perhaps, but it is an excellent description; and I think that, as far as I am concerned, I should like to hear it all over again.

THE DEFENDANT: He oughtn't to do that, my Lord?

Mr. JUSTICE JAKINS: Oh! yes, he ought! (Great laughter.)

The Witness was about to proceed with his evidence, when the Court, amid threatening manifestations from the Bar, adjourned for lunch.



"CROP AND STOCK"—RETROSPECTS.

## THE TRUTH ABOUT TRUTH.

"VERY glad to see you," said Truth, courteously. "I should perhaps apologise for this intrusion," observed Our Interviewer, tentatively.

"Apologise?" cried Truth. "Not at all! I am *always* 'At Home,' so no intrusion is possible. But it's so seldom anybody calls on me now, that a little momentary surprise at your appearance may be pardoned."

"Surprise!" ejaculated Our Interviewer, expressing it in his intonation.

"Why, certainly," said Truth. "Haven't had a visitor for an age. Quite a hermit now. You see I'm no longer 'interesting' in these sensational days, and have so many attractive rivals, that really I begin to accept seclusion as my doom, and no more expect to be consulted than a discredited Q.C., or a *passé* Society Beauty."

"But, Madam," said Our Interviewer, gravely, "there are so many—so ever increasingly many—who speak in your name, and boast of your direct inspiration, that I cannot—"

He was interrupted by a burst of silvery, but slightly sardonic laughter. "Of nine-tenths of these persons," said Truth, "I know no more than as though my haunt were really at the bottom of a well, and buckets quite unknown."

"It might almost be supposed," rejoined Our Interviewer, "that your residence were much more remote and hard of access, considering the difficulty there appears to be, nowadays, in getting at you. Indeed, my own object in seeking you was, if possible, to induce you to favour the Public more frequently with the light of your countenance."

"Does the Public complain of my non-accessibility?" asked Truth.

"It does—and with reason," responded her visitor, emphatically. "In the simplest matters of contemporary history or policy, your plain record is as hard to get at as the North Pole, or the solution of the Fifteen Puzzle."

"And whose fault is that?" queried Truth, a little sharply. "Just what I'm trying to ascertain," returned our Interviewer.

"The (so-called) Truth about everything, from the state of the Navy to the matrimonial intentions of a popular Actress, is always being announced by a hundred oracles, and with tremendous flourish of trumpets. But the Oracles all differ—the various statements of Truth contradict each other diametrically, and the trumpets blare nothing but egotistical defiance and cacophonous confusion."

"That's bad," said Truth, musingly.

"It is bad," rejoined Our Interviewer. "Why, bless your Ladyship's blue, unblinking eyes, you'd think, perhaps, that in these days of electric telegraphs, Press agencies, able experts, and voluminous statistics, it would be the easiest thing in the world for the Public to ascertain with certainty what took place in Egypt last week, which of two Governments spent the more money, or how many swift armed cruisers there are in the British Navy."

"Of course I should," said Truth, simply. "Merely a matter of honest record and plain arithmetic."

"But there is no plain arithmetic, and we have no honest records," retorted Our Interviewer. "Records are garbled and cooked this way and that, till the secret of *HEX* is simple to them. As to plain arithmetic, it would require a calculus yet unknown to guide the ordinary Englishman through the 'tabulated' chaos of contradictory statistics."

"That," said Truth, "comes from people and papers, and politicians consulting Party spirit and Personal interest instead of *Me*!"

"Precisely," responded her interlocutor. "By the aid of Rumour with her lying tongues, and the Party record-monger with his equally lying Tables, you are silenced or obscured, and the Public is duped and distracted."

"Quite so," said Truth; "but what do you expect me to do?"

"Well, I hardly know," said Our Interviewer, dubiously; "but I thought I'd just take counsel with you. *Magna est Veritas, et—*"

"Oh, yes," interjected Truth. "That is to say, I must prevail at last, because men must find me at last, even if they what you call 'go to the devil' before they discover me. But then they find me a little too late. One thing is clear, they must come to me, if they want me; I cannot go to them."

"Can you offer no advice, then?" said Our Interviewer, mournfully.

"Oh, yes," rejoined Truth. "*Punish your Liars!* Let it be understood that he who wilfully hides or distorts me is an enemy of the State, and to be treated as the traitorous cad he is. Statesman, statistician, financier, party scribe, telegraphist, wirepuller, or special correspondent, show him no mercy. Prove that you value me by downing remorselessly on my enemies, and you'll get a great deal more of me—and very much less of them. Go on tamely allowing yourself to be lied into Party blindness, national muddle, interested expenditure, and social shame, and you need expect to see no more of me than a drink-bemused night-wanderer of a cloud-obstructed moon."

## MR. GREENHORN'S EXPERIENCES.

HAVING occasion to require the services of one of that useful body of professionals commonly called "Sweeps," in consequence of my

new aesthetic drawing-room grate absolutely refusing to draw up the surplus smoke from my genial fire, I was waited upon by a somewhat juvenile Professor of rather *distingué* manners, and who carried the materials or implements of his useful profession, now denominated, I believe, a "Ramoneur," with an air and grace that was very striking. Leaving him to pursue his investigations, I was presently informed that there was no reasonable fault to be found with my aesthetic but expensive grate, but that the intolerable nuisance was occasioned by the presence of two *Standards* and a *Daily Telegraph* up what my man described as my "Drawing-Room Chimbley."

Hastening to discover the truth of this remarkable statement, I found the professional gentleman before mentioned grinning, or perhaps I should rather say, smiling, at the discovery that these samples of unappreciated information had, judging from their respective dates, probably been concealed on my property for some six or seven months. Glancing around rather ruefully at the condition in which this removal of unwelcome "News" had left my exquisitely-furnished drawing-room, I thanked my sable friend for his invaluable discovery, and insisted upon his acceptance of an additional sixpence, to which he, almost blushing, assented; and, with a bow that a *CHESTERFIELD* might have envied, assured me that he was really very much obliged to me.

The moment being favourable, I ventured to put to him a question that I have long wished to put to one of his useful but ill-paid fraternity, as follows:—

"As you know that you are necessary both to our safety and our comfort, and that we must employ you at stated periods, why do you not all combine together, like the Water Companies, and charge, as they do, according to the rental value of the house you kindly condescend to protect?"

My friend listened to me earnestly and respectfully, and then replied as follows:—

"Thank you, Sir, for your thoughtful and kind consideration for a class of men who are only sent for when necessity requires, and dismissed with alacrity at the earliest possible moment. We have often considered the matter to which you have so kindly alluded, but, Sir, believe me that, although mostly poor, we are, I hope, honest, and we should scorn to act so dishonourably as to take such a mean and even base advantage of the circumstances attending our humble calling, as to make the supply of a necessary of civilised existence a means of gross extortion."

If this be one of the many good results of School Board Education, all I can say is, that I shall bear ungrudgingly even the threatened addition of another penny to their necessarily growing rate.

JOSEPH GREENHORN.

"MUSICAL PITCH."—Our unapproachable tenor, Mr. SIMS REEVES, sent one of his own brilliant notes (well within his range) to the *Times* last Thursday on this subject. He should have added (had he remembered a hint given by us, and quoted subsequently by Dr. BLOKE (*Hock*!) in the *Musical World*) that the nearest approach to the best musical pitch within his own experience was when he was got up as a musical Tar, and sang, in his own inimitable style, "*The Bay of Biscay, O!*"



Burning Eloquence.



Very Digestible—Nutritious—Palatable—Satisfying—Excellent in Quality—Perfectly free from Grit—Requires neither boiling nor straining—Made in a minute.  
Vide *Lancet*, *British Medical Journal*, &c.

# ALLEN AND HANBURY'S Malted FOOD

For INFANTS and INVALIDS.  
A highly-concentrated and self-digesting nutriment for young children; supplying all that is required for the formation of firm flesh and bone in a partially soluble and easily assimilable form. It also affords a sustaining and healthful diet for Invalids, and those of a dyspeptic tendency.

Tins, 6d., 1s., 2s., 5s., & 10s.

## MAX GREGER'S CARLOWITZ, 1878.

Sample Case, containing one bottle each of six different kinds, carriage paid, 1s. 6d.

### SHAREHOLDERS' CARLOWITZ.

9d. per dozen.  
Fully matured, having been bottled three years.

### CARLOWITZ.

18s., 24s., 32s., 42s., 52s. per dozen.  
For other Wines, please apply for Price List.

MAX GREGER, Limited,  
WINE MERCHANTS TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.  
Head Office—  
60, SUMNER STREET, SOUTHWARK.  
Convenient Tasting Rooms and Order Offices—  
1, Old Bond Street, W., and 7, MINOR LANE, E.C.

## PRIZE MEDAL WHISKY OF THE CORK DISTILLERIES CO., LIMITED.

SIX PRIZE MEDALS FOR IRISH WHISKY. First Prize Medal, Philadelphia, 1876; Gold Medal, Paris, 1878; First Prize Medal, Sydney, 1879; Three Irish Medals, Cork, 1883.

"VERY fine, full flavor and Good Spirit"—Jury's Award, Philadelphia Centennial Exhibition, 1876.

"UNQUESTIONABLY as fine a specimen as one could wish to see."—Jury's Award, Cork Exhibition, 1883.

THIS FINE OLD IRISH WHISKY may be had of the principal Wine and Spirit Dealers, and is supplied to wholesale merchants in casks and cases by

THE CORK DISTILLERIES CO., LIMITED, Morrison's Island, Cork.

## COVERINGS FOR SEMI OR COMPLETE BALDNESS.

PERFECT IMITATIONS OF NATURE. Weightless, no wiggy appearance. Instructions for self-measurement on application.

CHAS. BOND & SON, 64, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.

Specialists also for Ladies' Partial or Complete Coverings.

FOR FISH, CHOPS, STEAKS, &c.

## MELLOR'S SAUCE

IS THE BEST MANUFACTORY WORCESTER

HIGHEST AWARD

Apollinari's

HEALTH EXHIB' 1884.

## MCCALL'S PAYSANDU OX TONGUES.

ANNUAL SALE OVER HALF-A-MILLION.  
In Tins. Sold by all Grocers.  
In various sizes, 14 to 24 lbs.  
DELICIOUS FOR BREAKFASTS, LUNCHEONS, AND SUPPERS.

BY HER MAJESTY'S ROYAL LETTERS PATENT.



### JNO. MARSTON & CO.'S

BROUGHAM HANSON quite surpasses the ordinary Hansom for private use, and forms an open or closed carriage at will. It is hung low, with a very easy action. Perfectly ventilated, and with J. M. & Co.'s New Patent Balancing Under Carriage can be driven from the inside when required. The lightest and most convenient easy-riding Hansom yet introduced at a moderate price. Illustrated Lists free from the Sole Builders and Patentees, JNO. MARSTON & CO., 21 to 28, BRADFORD ST., BIRMINGHAM. Hire with option of purchase.



## POWELL'S BALSAM OF ANISEED.

FOR COUGHS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, &c. Sold by Chemists throughout the world. No family should be without it. Paris, Berni, Roberts, Hogg; Brussels, Pharmacie Delacour; Geneva, Baker; Rotterdam, Santen Koff. Established over 50 years. Prepared only by THOMAS POWELL, Blackfriars Road, London.

A LITTLE OF HOLBROOK'S WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE COVERETH UP MANY A MAKE SHIFT.

HALF-PRICE

SOLD BY GROCERS AND OILMEN EVERYWHERE.

LONDON OFFICE, 165 GRESHAM HOUSE, E.C.

"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."

## CLARKE'S WORLD-FAMED BLOOD MIXTURE.

Is warranted to cleanse the Blood from all impurities, from whatever cause arising. For Scrofula, Scurvy, Sores of all kinds, Skin and Blood Diseases, its effects are marvellous. Thousands of Testimonials from all parts. In bottles 2s. 6d. each, and in cases of six times the quantity, 11s. each, of all Chemists. Sent for 3d. or 1d. stamps, by THE LANCET AND LANCET'S CONTINENTAL DRUG COMPANY, Lincoln.

CLARKE'S

WORLD-FAMED

BLOOD MIXTURE.

Is warranted to cleanse the Blood from all impurities, from whatever cause arising. For Scrofula, Scurvy, Sores of all kinds, Skin and Blood Diseases, its effects are marvellous. Thousands of Testimonials from all parts. In bottles 2s. 6d. each, and in cases of six times the quantity, 11s. each, of all Chemists. Sent for 3d. or 1d. stamps, by THE LANCET AND LANCET'S CONTINENTAL DRUG COMPANY, Lincoln.

CLARKE'S

WORLD-FAMED

BLOOD MIXTURE.

Is warranted to cleanse the Blood from all impurities, from whatever cause arising. For Scrofula, Scurvy, Sores of all kinds, Skin and Blood Diseases, its effects are marvellous. Thousands of Testimonials from all parts. In bottles 2s. 6d. each, and in cases of six times the quantity, 11s. each, of all Chemists. Sent for 3d. or 1d. stamps, by THE LANCET AND LANCET'S CONTINENTAL DRUG COMPANY, Lincoln.

CLARKE'S

WORLD-FAMED

BLOOD MIXTURE.

Is warranted to cleanse the Blood from all impurities, from whatever cause arising. For Scrofula, Scurvy, Sores of all kinds, Skin and Blood Diseases, its effects are marvellous. Thousands of Testimonials from all parts. In bottles 2s. 6d. each, and in cases of six times the quantity, 11s. each, of all Chemists. Sent for 3d. or 1d. stamps, by THE LANCET AND LANCET'S CONTINENTAL DRUG COMPANY, Lincoln.

CLARKE'S

WORLD-FAMED

BLOOD MIXTURE.

## DRESS FABRICS AT GREAT SAVING TO THE PURCHASER!!!

Ladies, send letter or post card, and you will receive, POST FREE, a sample Pattern, with Prices, of all the LEADING FASHIONABLE FABRICS for the Autumn and Winter Season. NEW STYLES AT PRICES TO SUIT ALL PURSERS.

REGISTERED TRADE MARK.

### BRADFORD MANUFACTURING CO., BRADFORD, YORKSHIRE.

The Bradford Manufacturing Co., by trading direct with the Public, have effected a revolution in the Styles and Fabrics of Dress Materials. This is testified by innumerable Press opinions. Carriage is paid to any part of the United Kingdom, on all orders over 4s. The Century Catalogue, as exhibited at the Health Exhibition, are in ever increasing demand. Be particular to address in full. Please write at once, and mention PUNCH.

UNIVERSALLY FASHIONED BY THE FACULTY.

## TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON.

A laxative and refreshing Fruit Lozenge for CONSTIPATION, Hemorrhoids, Bile, Headache, Loss of Appetite, Cerebral Congestion.

Prepared by E. GRILLON, QUEEN STREET, CITY, LONDON.

Tamar, unlike pills and the usual purgatives, is agreeable to take, and never produces irritation, nor interferes with business or pleasure. Sold by all Chemists and Druggists. 2s. 6d. a box, stamps included.

AS EXHIBITED AT THE HEALTH EXHIBITION, 1884.

RECOMMENDED BY THE FACULTY OF COOKERY, &c. Kensington. All the advantages without the drawbacks of copper at one-third the price. No verdigris. Of all Ironmongers, &c.

SILVER MEDAL AWARDS, HEALTH EXHIBITION.

B. PERKINS & SON, Wholesale Manufacturers, Cannon Street Buildings, E.C., and Hermonsey.

## HARTIN'S CRIMSON SALT DISINFECTING POWDER.

FOR DRY USE.

Non-Poisonous, non-Corrosive, perfectly soluble, and WITHOUT SMELL. Is ready for instant use by sprinkling upon all that is offensive or dangerous.

Geo. R. TWEDDIE, Esq., F.R.S., says:—"The results of an extended and elaborate series of carefully-conducted experiments, convince me that HARTIN'S PATENT CRIMSON SALT DISINFECTING POWDER is a most reliable, economical, thorough, and safe Disinfectant."

Sold by Chemists everywhere in Tins. Prices 1s. and 2s. Wholesale by Hartin's Crimson Salt Co., Ltd., Worcester.

## BROOKS' MACHINE COTTONS.

THE BEST AND CHEAPEST NATURAL APERIENT

Hunpadi WATER

"Most Pleasant to the Palate."

THE BEST AND CHEAPEST NATURAL APERIENT

Hunpadi WATER

"Most Pleasant to the Palate."

THE BEST AND CHEAPEST NATURAL APERIENT

Hunpadi WATER

"Most Pleasant to the Palate."

THE BEST AND CHEAPEST NATURAL APERIENT

Hunpadi WATER

"Most Pleasant to the Palate."

THE BEST AND CHEAPEST NATURAL APERIENT

Hunpadi WATER

## THE WONDERFUL VELVETEENS AT 2/- A YARD.

LEWIS, in Market Street, Manchester, are the manufacturers of the best-class Velveteens, which are now well known all over the world. They are fast pile and fast dyed, and every lock is guaranteed.

If a dress should wear badly, or be in any respect faulty, LEWIS will give a new dress for nothing at all, and pay the full cost for making and trimming.

The price of these beautiful Velveteens, in Black and all the most beautiful Colours now worn, is 2s. a yard. This quality Velveteen is sold by the best Drapers at 3s. 6d., 4s. 6d., and 5s. 6d. a yard. The Public, although they don't know it, have to pay two or three times the difference between the manufacturer's price and the price the consumer pays for Velveteens.

LEWIS, of Market Street, Manchester, manufacture these Velveteens themselves, and sell them (or it might almost be said give them) to the Public for 2s. a yard. LEWIS ask Ladies to write for Patterns of these extraordinary Velveteens.

They will then be able to judge for themselves whether LEWIS, of Market Street, Manchester, prais their Velveteens more than they deserve.

WRITE for PATTERNS on an ordinary Post-Card.

LEWIS's Ray Carriage on all Orders to any address in Great Britain or Ireland.

When writing, please mention this Paper.

## LEWIS'S IN MARKET ST., MANCHESTER.

ALLAN'S ANTI-FAT

PURELY VEGETABLE. For footy fatness. I will reduce 20 lb. a week; acts on the food in stomach, preventing the accumulation of fat. Sold by all Chemists and Druggists.

Send stamp for pamphlet.

Botanic Medicine Co., 3 New Oxford St., W.C.

## BORWICK'S FIVE GOLD MEDALS. BAKING POWDER.

FOR BREAD WITHOUT YEAST, PASTRY, CAKES, and PUDDINGS.

THE BEST FOOD FOR INFANTS

SAVORY & MOORE, London.

And of Chemists, &c., everywhere.

PURE INDIAN-HILL TEA.

SILVER MEDAL, CALCUTTA EXHIBITION, 1884.

One quality only, ORANGE PEER, as supplied to THE R. THE Duke and Duchess of Cornwall & India.

In 5 lb., 4 lb., and 3 lb. packets, at 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. per lb.; and in 20 lb. and 40 lb. boxes of 2s. 6d. and 3s. 6d. per lb. respectively. Carriage paid.

NEPALAN TEA ASSOCIATES, LTD., CANNON ST., E.C.

## HOOPING COUGH.—ROCHE'S

NEURAL EXERCITATION. The celebrated effectual cure without internal medicine. Sole Wholesale Agents, W. Rowlands & Son, 137, Queen Victoria Street (formerly of 60, St. Paul's Churchyard). Sold by most Chemists. Price 6s. per bottle.

THE BEST AND CHEAPEST NATURAL APERIENT

Hunpadi WATER

"Most Pleasant to the Palate."

THE BEST AND CHEAPEST NATURAL APERIENT

Hunpadi WATER

"Most Pleasant to the Palate."

THE BEST AND CHEAPEST NATURAL APERIENT

Hunpadi WATER

"Most Pleasant to the Palate."

THE BEST AND CHEAPEST NATURAL APERIENT

Hunpadi WATER

"Most Pleasant to the Palate."

THE BEST AND CHEAPEST NATURAL APERIENT

Hunpadi WATER

**"NONPAREIL"**  
The finer qualities are equal in appearance and wear better than the very best Lyons Silk Velvet, and cost only a quarter of the price. Can be purchased from all leading retailers at from 2s. to 6s. per yd. Wholesale, J. H. FULLER, 22, Walling St. London. Agents, J. JOSEPH & SONS, 51, Miller St. Glasgow.

The "Nonpareil" is the richest, softest, and most becoming Fabric ever produced, and is pre-eminently suited for Ladies' Indoor and Outdoor Costumes, Boys' Suits, and Children's Dress. **FAST PILE—FAST DYE.** Every yard is stamped on the back "Nonpareil," to protect the Public from Fraud.

**VELVETEEN.**

**BECKETT'S** (WINTER PUNCH.)  
(Registered) **WINTERINE**  
Non-Alcoholic

THE BEST SUBSTITUTE FOR BRANDY. INVALUABLE FOR PAINS IN THE STOMACH. AN EXCELLENT PREVENTIVE TO COLIC.

Can be used with either Hot, Cold, or Aerated Water. "It cannot fail to recommend itself, both to the medical profession and the public generally, after a single trial."

"Beckett's Winterine is a capital drink, possessing an agreeable aromatic fragrance and a delicate flavour that will gain universal favour."—*Glasgow's Journal.*

Pints, 1s. 6d. (sufficient for 50 tumbblers); Half-Pints, 1s. SPECIAL.—A sample bottle, sufficient for 5 tumbblers, sent carriage paid to any address for 9 stamps; two pints, 4s.; six pints, 10s. 6d.

Sole Manufacturer, W. BECKETT, Heywood, Manchester.

London Depot—25, FARRINGTON STREET, E.C.

Sold by Chemists, Grocers, and Coffee Taverns On's.

**INTERNATIONAL HEALTH EXHIBITION, 1884.**

**GOLD MEDAL**

HAS BEEN AWARDED FOR

**Benger's** Self-Digestive

**Food**

FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS.

May be obtained through all Chemists at 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., and 5s. per Tin.

MANUFACTURERS,

MOTTERHEAD & CO. (S. Paine and F. B. Benger),

7, EXCHANGE STREET, MANCHESTER.

By Special Royal Appointment.

**SPEARMAN'S** PURE WOOL

**DEVON** ONLY.

The Fashion for Autumn and Winter, 1884.

According to the Quers,

**SERGES**

"It has no rival."

Thousands of Customers testify that no other article wears equal to this in general utility. For Ladies' wear, beautiful qualities, 1s. 6d. to 4s. 6d. the yard. For Children's wear, capably strong, 1s. 6d. to 2s. the yard. For Gentlemen's wear, double width, 1s. 6d. to 1s. 8d. the yard. The Navy Blues and the Blacks are fast dyes. On receipt of instructions, samples will be sent POST FREE. N.B.—Any length cut, and Carriage Paid to principal Railway Stations. No other article wears equal to this in general utility. NEW Season's PATTERNS now ready.

**SPEARMAN & SPEARMAN, Plymouth.**

Only Address. NO AGENTS.

**BIRD'S** Richest Custard! Without Eggs!!

Half the Cost and Trouble!!!

Choice! Delicious!! A Great Luxury!!!

See that you get BIRD'S.

**CUSTARD** Sold Everywhere, in 6d. & 1s. Boxes.

**POWDER**

Alfred BIRD & Sons, Birmingham, will send on receipt of address, POST FREE.

"PASTRY and SWEETS."

A Little Work containing Practical Hints and Original

Recipes for Tasty Dishes for the Dinner and Supper Table.

**Pears' Soap**



FAIR WHITE HANDS.

BRIGHT CLEAR COMPLEXION.

SOFT HEALTHFUL SKIN.

**£10,000.**

**FORTESCUE VERSUS GARMOYLE.**

LETTER from MISS FORTESCUE.

"I can with pleasure testify to the excellent quality  
"of PEAR'S SOAP for the Complexion. For its beneficial effects on the Skin and Complexion it has no equal, and for Winter use it is especially a boon, for  
"it keeps the hands soft and free from chapping."

(Signed) M. FORTESCUE.

**Pears' Soap**

Recommended for the Hands and Complexion by

MISS FORTESCUE, MISS MARY ANDERSON.  
MRS. LANGTRY, MDME. ADELINA PATTI,  
MDME. MARIE ROZE, SIR ERASMUS WILSON,  
and others. Sold Everywhere.

Ask for

MAKERS TO THE QUEEN.

**Cadbury's**  
Absolutely Pure  
**Cocoa**

